

Early Morning Trappin (feat. Trippie Redd)

Rich The Kid

[Intro 1: Al Pacino in Scarface]

I told you, man, I told you! Don't fuck with me! I told you, no fucking kids! No, but you wouldn't listen, why, you stupid fuck, look at you now [Intro 2: Rich The Kid]

Huh

Money way, only way, y'know what I'm sayin'?

Lil bih [Hook: Rich The Kid]

Was up trappin' early?

She bad and boujee But whippin' a birdie

My cup is so dirty (what)

Your diamonds don't shine, my pinkie a 30

Pour up the pint, that's so clean

The rims of the Bentley cost 14

Ain't doin' no talkin', the red beam

My bitches perplexing, young nigga we flexin'

[Post-Hook: Trippie Redd]

So much green on my street like it's grove

Made a lot of money on the road

Now they book me 10k for a show

Actavis in my drink I'ma pour, yeah [Verse 1: Trippie Redd]

Like I know the dots

I'ma beat her box

Beatin' off her fuckin' socks

30 gotta mop, shoot you look like chicken pox

I be whippin' rocks

Fiends and me, they sniffin' rocks

I'm a trapstar, ayy

Hope I don't crash

Do the dash in a NASCAR, ayy

Really is a fast car

It's a movie just like Pixar, movie just like Pixar

Get shot out turn your ass to clip-art

Yeah turn you ass to clip-art, boy you is a retard

On the go just like a go-cart

Makin' art just like Mozart, art just like Mozart

[Bridge: Trippie Redd]

Yeeeeahhhh

Early mornin' trappin'

Early mornin' trappin'

Early mornin' trappin'

Early mornin' trappin'

Early mornin' trappin' [Hook: Rich The Kid]

Was up trappin' early?

She bad and boujee But whippin' a birdie
My cup is so dirty (what)
Your diamonds don't shine, my pinkie a 30
Pour up the pint, that's so clean
The rims of the Bentley cost 14
Ain't doin' no talkin', the red beam
My bitches perplexing, young nigga we flexin'[Post-Hook: Trippie Redd]
So much green on my street like it's grove
Made a lot of money on the road
Now they book me 10k for a show
Actavis in my drink I'ma pour, yeah[Verse 2: Rich The Kid]
Pull up with Trippie
Pull off with your bitch, put dick in her kidneys
More Act I'm sippin
These niggas in line to get to the milli
AP two-tone, she suckin' my dick
Wanna fuck wit my ice on (ice on)
She said she gon' write home (Huh, what)
She bad and boujee gon' whip up a birdie
My cup is so dirty
You niggas is fraud, your diamonds is blurry
I'm trappin' the 30
I don't do no cap
Racks all in the cabinet
They was hatin', I was rackin', stackin', and relaxin'
Dream might get a hundred bands
Now I'm ridin' round in the Lamb
She bad and boujee
I'm makin' movies, might fuck a bitch on camera
I need a Fanta and got served
I might just hop out the Vert
She wanna hop out her skirt
That's when she poppin' the perc[Hook: Rich The Kid]
Was up trappin' early?
She bad and boujee But whippin' a birdie
My cup is so dirty (what)
Your diamonds don't shine, my pinkie a 30
Pour up the pint, that's so clean
The rims of the Bentley cost 14
Ain't doin' no talkin', the red beam
My bitches perplexing, young nigga we flexin'[Post-Hook: Trippie Redd]
So much green on my street like it's grove
Made a lot of money on the road
Now they book me 10k for a show
Actavis in my drink I'ma pour, yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

